



Jesus Christ

VOL. 2
NO. 6

EDITOR'S PAGE

Well we're a solid two feet into 1982 now, and things are looking up for the City of Brotherly Love. We see things rolling along at the Elk, with Autistic Behavior and Terminal magazine each putting on shows of their own. Coming up this month, some other mysterious alternate producer of shows will present Flipper and No Milk (also, I think, Executive Slacks) at this now infamous hall. Word has it, though, that this will be the last show if the vandalism that occurred at other shows continues. So let's make sure we don't rule out this venue, gang--nab whoever it is that's trying to destroy a great thing. Long live the Elk!!!

We've got two new clubs in town--Love at Broad and South is slightly reminiscent of Omni's (but the dance floor is even smaller.) It's a good place to hang out on weekend nights and get drunk. \$2 cover and beers are about \$1.50. The music is, though, a little too limited to sixties classics and funky-type stuff. I did thrash to the DK's "Cambodia" once, but on that same night I asked the dj to spin "Eve White/Eve Black" by Siouxsie and was told "I don't think it'd go over here..." That crowd would have danced to Auld Lang Syne if you played it at 45!!

Landmark Tavern at 20th and Fairmount has great, great possibilities. It too is small, but it's proprietors, Linda and Louis, are ballsy and full of ideas. Cover is usually \$3, beers are 50¢ on draft (!!!) and there's no dj--just lots of killer tapes and a pretty well-stocked juke box. When I went there to see the Seeds of Terror and Proteens, I had a fucking incredibly great time. The only drawback is the club doesn't own it's own PA (yet!) so the bands have to come up with their own.

Get out and support these venues, guys--they're vital to the survival of our scene. Don't EVEN bitch about having to travel an extra ten blocks--who cares when you're out to have a good time? You know, everyone bitches and says how New York has such a great scene, but spend any time up there and you'll see they ain't got nothing we ain't got. There might be more punks but there's more poseurs too. Let's get some of them down here for a change...

Volume II

Number VI

*****STAGE*****

Editor: Allison Raine

Contributors:

Eves Drop

KT KINZ

Chastity B.

Shirley

Kim Lewis

Al Danis

Autistic Behavior

Richard Metz

Matt the Ratt

Savage Pink is a
Fuchsia Production

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1248 Day Street
Phila., PA 19125

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"Neither god nor master"



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

or



S.P.,

I have really had it with you stoopid (I mean stoopid with two O's) shitfaces who call yourselves hardcore. Get the fuck out of here - who do you think you are fooling? ONLY YOURSELVES! Get off your highhorses and face reality jerk-offs. Don't you realize what hypocrites you really are? You fucking shove your ridiculous politics down all our throats and ruin this whole music scene for everyone else. So fuckin' what if everyone else doesn't want to become trendy little 'anarchists' (HA HA HA)?? So FUCKING WHAT? Is it up to you to shove anarchy down our throats when we don't want to hear your stupidity? Are you really that narrow-minded that because a band doesn't play 1-2-3-4-ANARCHY 'punk' (HA HA HA) rock then they aren't any good? You are all so screwed up and I feel sorry for you. You are all so very pathetic, you poor little slimey, low-life moronic, idiots! You've really lost the whole point haven't you? You just don't even realize it, and that is what is so sad because you just keep digging your graves deeper and deeper until it is too late, and babes, it's too fucking late. I remember when this music scene in Philly was no more than a cult of 20 people. That is right, only 20 people, and out of those 20 people it has grown to hundreds and hundreds, because of people like Lee Paris and Bobby Startup. Who do you think started the Hot Club and the First, (and as far as I'm concerned the ONLY) punk band in Philly when you weren't even around - THE ARTISTICS. - Yet you have the balls to say these people do nothing for the 'punk' scene! Who the hell do you think started it, you stupid little kiddies? - OH YEAH you go around calling them NAZI'S when you don't even know what NAZISM is - I wouldn't advise getting political until you reach junior high school and learn what that phrase means. STOP trying to blame other people for your own mistakes. You only make yourself look even worse, if that's at all possible... As for your last issue, a comment on one Skip Heller's letter, if all that jerk-off has to worry about is what albums Whey of Pretty Poison traded in 1980 (1980? OH GOD!) then he must lead a very exciting life!! Thanks for the info Skip, it really meant alot. It was so nice of you to inform us of who is doing what! ARE YOU FOR REAL?? Go play on the Expressway and do us all a favor. - SKIPPY, when we get a hold of you do you want to be 'chunky' or 'smooth'? Either way you're peanut butter. ASSWIFE!!! SIA NARA and Aubrey GREY were the only ones who made sense. - The only good thing in your boring little fagazine was Informed Sources. At least they have intelligence, which is a trait that the rest of you so-called hard-cores lack. ... Your review of Suburban Exploits was really funny though. - You called them misunderstood? HA HA HA! HARDLY misunderstood! Everyone knows they are fascists. Not to mention UGLY! - I wouldn't get near that Nancy Hoese Hips if you offered me one billion dollars. Who could fuck that ugly piece of shit. I guess that is why she has so many pets. AND how many trucks ran over Pedrick's face? THEY FUCKING SUCK! And they don't fool anyone anymore

with their posing. Glad to see they are gone, - Won't miss them. As for you dykes, get your shit together before someone tears it out of you. I am sick of all this shit and so are lots of other people. It is time to have fun again and if you don't like it, get the fuck out of the city. You don't belong here anyway you insecure little creeps if all you are going to do is try and ruin everything. - EAT SHIT - Please! Johnny Whitman University City

P.S. Who cares about Florida??? - LONG LIVE SIA NARA!

I debated whether or not to print this letter for quite some time, because frankly, it has nothing to say. Empty accusations and meaningless insults abound, but no concrete basis for all the spewing is ever established. One recent letter (which I chose NOT to publish) berated me for liking Grass and therefore being a hypocrite by eating hamburgers. Placing the fact that I am a vegetarian aside, Grass is (are) more about personal freedom and the right to chose than about browbeating their followers for eating meat. They might try to bring you around to their way of thinking, but I seriously doubt they would outcast anyone for doing things their own way. But on to you, Mr. Whitman...

I do wish the four or five of you would use your own names and addresses if you're going to write to us, because the style is becoming all too familar and repetitious. (ha ha ha) We are not "trendy" anarchists, anarchy is not a "trend", and we are not shoving our politics down anyone's throats. In one issue of our magazine we ran two articles centered on anarchy, neither by "resident" Savage Pink staffers, and that's it. If you're not interested in the topic, turn the page. If you find Savage Pink so "slimey,

MORE OVER →

On The Rack continued

low-life, moronic, etc." (valid statements all--I'm sure) then DON'T PICK IT UP!! As far as the Hot Club, the Autistics, and Bobby Startup--I lived in Florida from Oct of '79 to May of '81. Before that I WENT to the Hot Club, I SAW Bobby Startup, I HEARD the Autistics. Just because someone was there at the beginning of a scene doesn't mean they are its savior. I never called Sir Startup a Nazi, I said East Side Club is a fascist organization. Get YOUR politics straight. The two are not synonyms. (While a Nazi is a fascist, all fascists are not Nazis) Bobby Startup and the East Side do nothing at all for the current scene in Philly. They consistently book bands from out of town with only one main objective: M*C*N*E*Y!! Local talent is used only as a second string, or something to fall back on when the shit hits the fan. As for Lee Paris, I have never said anything detrimental about him. He is a great supporter of the local scene and just an all-round wonderful guy.

As for Sadistic Exploits, I think they're great, I make no qualms about my totally biased support of them--take it or leave it. But don't write me letters to call them names. Address it to their faces or to PO Box 37, Upper Darby, PA 19082. Savage Pink has done nothing to ruin anything concerned with the music scene in Philly. You keep saying that but you never mention HOW. If expressing our opinions and giving other people the chance to express theirs (yourself included) is a crime to the music scene you want to be a part of, then you're on the wrong boat, kiddos. Life preservers are located for your convenience.

Dear Savage Pink:

I would like to take this opportunity to defend someone who everyone seems to want to attack lately. What's all this Nancy Exploit did this and that shit?? She has done more for the Philly scene than anyone any of us knows. There have been two Punk Fests--TWO!!! Without Nancy I'm sure there would never have been even one. Two!!! I say it's about time we stopped this stupid, childish back-stabbing and worked together to improve the scene. Thanks, John



Dear Allison Raine:

As an avid reader of your superb periodical, I can relate to your sophisticated choice of material. I mean, whenever I open up an issue of SAVAGE PINK, my nipples get hard as a rock. It has definitely got to be the most sensual magazine of it's kind. My favorite pastime is boarding a crowded El at rush hour and sticking a copy of your mag down my shorts. Now, if this don't turn you on, I don't know what does.

The way you staple each issue together, is in itself a sexual masterpiece. Did you know that I fantasize about making love to a tapedeck while you're typing up your next issue? Yes, I most certainly do. If you ask me, you should have a scratch 'n'sniff issue. I'd buy about 13 copies.

Well, gotta go, FLIGHT 90 is waiting.

Mel Toxic

Dear Mel: Not a bad idea, this scratch 'n'sniff.....but scratch'n'sniff what? Robbie Exploit?? Wendy Williams?? Bobby Startup, maybe?????

-----Ed

SHIRLEY

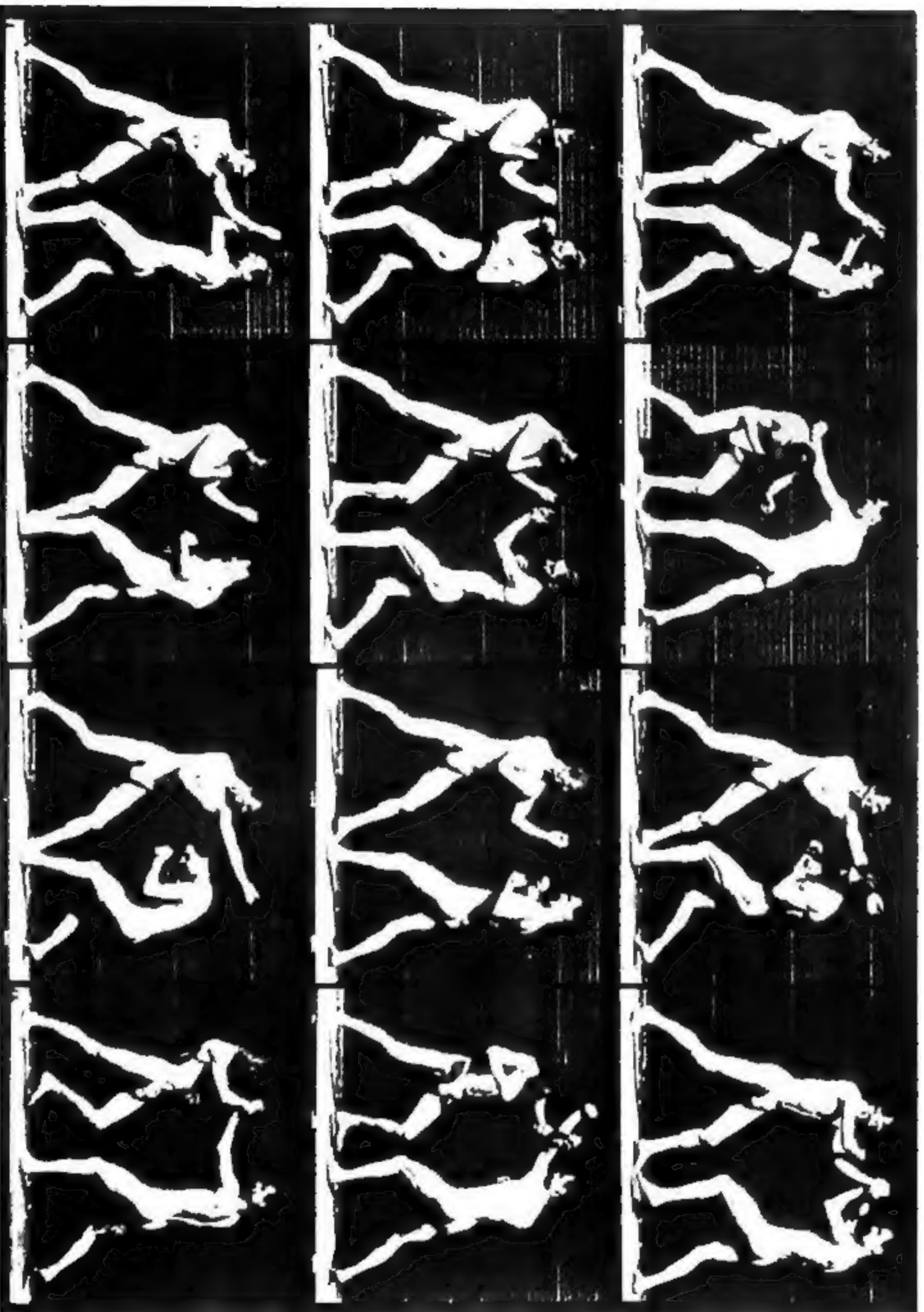
OUT ON THE TOWN WITH SHIRLEY

I was all excited. There was actually something decent to do this weekend: the Proteens and Seeds of Terror were playing at the Landmark on Saturday, February 20. Because the bands usually go on pretty early and it's almost as cheap to drink at the bar as it is at home, my friends and I got there at about 10:00. The place was pretty crowded with plenty of familiar faces: Atlantic City girls, Atom Bomb from Decontrol and pal Joey, my fav punk Art, Exploits, Jersey boys, Sue, Ilene, Chuck, Victor, Excuses (minus Lisa and Brian who didn't make it four feet into the place before they were thrown out-what was that all about, I didn't see them do anything wrong?) and tons of others.

The Landmark is a truly great bar. Everyone is so laid back, the atmosphere is fun and casual - there's none of the usual pretention like at the East Side - it's more like a playground during school recess; everyone drops their acts and just has a good time. And the music played kicks ass. Lots of Stiff Little Fingers. It's so danceable I found myself actually wishing they'd play a BAD song so I could sit down for a second.

The crowd was properly keyed up when SOT's came on. I literally fell in love with this band at the Action Ritual. They are really FUN! Tonite was no exception. It's great to see a band that is just into having a good time but I truly hope that their predictability doesn't cause them to become tired too soon. There's certainly no lack of talent in SOT, just maybe a lack of material. However, they can get away with it because what they miss in song development they make up for in energy. It's great to see a band in Philly with a sense of humor.

More great music in between sets, it was IMPOSSIBLE to sit down so we didn't. There was friendly slamming the way it should be and lots of rolling around on the floor.



W R O N E

PHILLY

Finally the Proteens came on. These guys are perhaps the tightest band I've ever seen in Philly. I was totally blown away with their performance. They prove that every thing doesn't have to be fast to be good. They are EXTREMELY danceable and fun to watch. Their music is diversified, lyrics are interesting and at times thought provoking and get this - you can understand them too. Because this band has so much talent and potential plus the way they are offstage - intelligent, determined and sincere, I can easily see them doing well and helping to put Philly on the map in the American music scene. Well I think I've just about canonized these guys for sainthood . . .

The rest of night was tons more great dancing music, and then when the P.A. was gone, the juke box was fired up. Allison and I were so revved we found ourselves dancing to Fox on the Run, Physical and Rick James and even that was great.

Finally the place was closing and they had to just about throw us out, still dancing. We left happy, dirty, bruised, and so keyed up we walked the 30 some blocks home.

CAN
YOU

HEAR

ME???

I recently got a letter from a guy named Dantchrist who drummed for an english anarchy band, the Apostles. (I write to him by a friend of a friend etc....sort of thing) At the bottom of his letter was a boot stomping on a Union Jack and American flag-- and next to it, it said "fuck the system and other cliches". I think this saying is extremely true because, until lately, bands or friends of the bands were too 'stuck up' to talk or whatever. For us to achieve Anarchy we must communicate--as in correspondence--talk--exchange information and overall show and express our views. Anyone can do it by forming a band, printing 'zines and newsheets... all kinds of ways of doing it. If anyone feels like "lowering themselves" to do a zine and knows where one could be printed, please write to me at:

Matt
131 Delaware Ave.
Palmyra NJ 08065

ACTION RITUAL

It seems like so long ago, but the memory burns bright. January 30th, the Elk. The AB's Action Ritual. Five bands were assembled, four from hometurf--our hosts, Autistic Behavior; the legendary Excuses, Seeds of Terror, and Informed Sources. Who could possibly headline a bill like that, you ask? None other than the unstoppable Bad Brains.

It's really fucking awesome when you stand back and look at an event like the Action Ritual--something organized by a band who cared enough to get their shit together and present an opportunity for punks of all ages to go absolutely apeshit. I mean, upwards of 600 hardcore maniacs running around a huge hall like the Elk having the time of their life ain't nothing to giggle about, now is it??

I'm not going to give you my personal (and basically irrelevant) reviews of the bands. It was so long ago it doesn't matter to anyone but the bands and their mothers, anyway. Everyone was great, no one was disappointed--period. The only thing I'd like to recall is the beginning of the Bad Brains set, when I watched from high above the action--inside the projection room up in the rafters. Seeing that crowd from up there was like watching a sea of human muscle...flexing. Like I said, awesome.

Then I was there--the energy was unbelievable. Funk is dead, HUH?

-----Raine



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photos
by
**KIM
LEWIS
&
AL
DANIS**











free classified

Is the world ready?
Ant, Bob, Yips, and the
Lynnee are coming. So
watch your lunch-meat
specials for the time
and place!!!!

Squirm--na, Philly political/punk
band needs preferably girl guitarist
bassist in one. Call Val (215)
562-9515

I'm looking for a roommate
or roommates in Center City
area. Will be moving up
from Ft. Laud. sometime in
Apr.-May. Any info can be
mailed to: Cindy Schwartz
3363 G.I. 15 St
Ft. Laud., FL
33312

Exploit seeks roommate in
Philly area. I've gotta
find somewhere to live.
I can afford about \$110
per month. Contact Ryan,
Savage Pink address or:
c/o Exploits
P.O. Box 37
Upper Darby, PA
19082

To
Micki and Lisa
(and their couches)
Bea and Per
(in the car)
WE LOVE YOU ALL

To my fave up-n-coming
sleaze:
JOE'S OLDER ROCKS PK
Stay tuned: same Jersey
rock club, same chant:
"FEAR...FEAR...FEAR!!!"
The score?? Philly Girls
GO...Spectators NOTHING!
***the pro sleaze

Here's something for all
society cunts and society in
general:
De De De Dat Duh Duh
De De De Dat Duh Duh

Cocaine
If I give you enough
drugs
Will you cum on my
Rug

Cocaine
If I spend enough
money
Will you suck my
cock honey

Cocaine
I am Seventy (77)
I am Seventy (70)
and still writing with
music

Cocaine
You can eat me,
eat me
I'm a millionaire
Cocaine

by Beedle Pick and
the Fun Fucker
Harrington, DE

May our intentions be
known: Doodlegram
artist your drawings are
perfect for us. Please
correspond!!!!

ESSAY

BY lee weber

The following essay was submitted, I think, basically as a challenge to the open fire I called last issue. That is, I said I'd print anything that arrived on my doorstep. Part of the bait was (and I quote) "any length". Lee wrote that originally he had intended his manuscript as a publication of some sort, one that never became a reality. It's relevance I don't vouch for, the only reason it is being published here is as a fulfillment of that promise I made to publish anything. The greatest drawback is it's length--a little overbearing and tedious for a magazine like ours.

It's an interesting comment if you can get through it--a little too heady and theoretical (!!) for my tastes. Rather than submit something of this nature I would have much rather seen Lee apply his writing talents to something written specifically for a publication like ours. But I do thank you, Lee, and hope to hear from you in the future. Let's hope you've inspired some other people to write.

--Editor

(let's talk about politics, shall we? (everyone's favorite subject.)

The first thing I should make clear is that by using the term "politics" I am not referring to the activities of those pedestrian-minded persons in suits and ties who claim to be our "leaders". I mean to use the word in a more general sense, in reference to the manner in which the various components of society - from individuals to nations and their alliances - deal with one another.

Having established this it is necessary to point out that the nature of these various dealings is determined by peoples' attitudes, which are in turn determined by virtually everything which constitutes our environment. And the singular political fact of our time is that nearly everything which works to affect our attitudes - television, the popular media in general, the schools, government propaganda, advertising, fashion, popular culture, organized religion, peer pressure, etc. - influences us in largely negative ways. All of these tend to discourage people from thinking or questioning, with the result that our minds are directed into the most restrictive channels, producing a population of status-quo supporting, conspicuously-consuming citizens who act out of ignorance and selfishness.

There are few alternatives to these harmful influences and perhaps chief amongst them is the arts, a traditional means whereby inspired, rebellious and/or visionary individuals communicate their perceptions to us, presumably to our benefit. But possibly the arts have been failing us lately; perhaps they always have. For if the purpose of the arts is to inspire and elevate mankind, then we certainly might conclude that art has failed, since in spite of the great work of the past the bulk of

mankind remains irresolutely uninspired and unelevated. Currently all the divisions of art which are assumed to be at the forefront of alternative communication - literature, drama, music, painting, cinema - seem to be floundering.

Consider in this regard the unenviable position of that singular breed, the North American youth. It is a matter which should concern us; it is to the young we must look to discern the shape of the future, and if there is to be any hearable future, if we expect to surmount the crises which presently afflict us and are likely to escalate in the coming decades, then it is necessary to see that young people are diverted from their somnambulant tendencies toward personal gain and self-gratification.

Is there anything which the arts have to offer in this connection? Certainly the young are not generally known for willingly availing themselves of the arts. As far as literature is concerned, most of them tend toward the escapist and the trivial - comic books, Tolkien, Heinlein, Stephen King - anything undemanding and intellectually simplistic. Film-makers who wish to take advantage of youthful effluence do so by resorting to simple-mindedness and depravity. While half the world starves, we are offered bloated multi-million dollar fantasies, comedies of mind-numbing stupidity, and most disturbing of all, a plethora of slaughter-house epics in which we are invited to revel in technicolor mutilations, beheadings and eviscerations in which women, particularly, get the worst of it.

As for the arts of painting and the theatre, these are generally ignored by the young except for the miniscule art-school crowd.

That leaves us with music; in particular, rock music, traditionally the one area where young people can be exposed to alternative viewpoints and attitudes. (I choose not to discuss so-called "serious" music, as I feel most of it is just not serious enough, based as it is on a 19th-century imperative which reduces it to little more than high-toned amusement for people who think they have good taste because they're not listening to "popular" music.)

I realize that some readers will throw up their hands at the suggestion that rock-and-roll can influence or change anything. They affect to believe that the notion that rock music is anything more than disposable fun is a relic of the dead unfashionable '60's.

Pine. Anyone who clings to that belief can leave off reading this article right now. Society has provided a great deal of sand for you to hide your head in as you snore your way to the apocalypse, and I certainly wouldn't want to disturb your slumber. However, those of you who have open minds on the subject are invited to continue.

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When the true sociological direction of the 1980's begins to emerge, it will prove to be very different from that of the 1970's. We are caught in an alternating cycle which we cannot escape as long as our environment is so threateningly unstable. This cycle has been extant for some time now, but the events which fixed the pattern for good were those which occurred in the '30's and '40's: the spread of Fascism, the Holocaust, the 2nd World War (which failed to bring the worldwide peace which was hoped for) and the advent of the Bomb, mankind's most inspired declaration of its desire for self-destruction.

There are two ways to respond to such horrors and what they imply about our future; one attempts either to escape from them, or to confront and prevail over them. The past several decades have seen us alternating between one reaction and the other, and like it or not we are about to enter a new phase: out of the frenetic escapism of the 1970's and into... What?

If we wish to get some idea we need only examine the warp and woof of the pattern as it has unfolded these past several decades. As many people have pointed out before, the first generation which grew up in the shadow of that famous mushroom cloud has lived its entire life

Over

knowing that the human race had the capacity to destroy itself. This generation reached its majority in the 1960's and kicked up a bit of a fuss when it did. Perhaps you heard about it. But for the time being, I want to talk about the 1950's, the first decade after the one in which the bomb was dropped.

From our current perspective, America in the 1950's appears as a huge Disneyland of the mind: There's fatherly Walt on television, accompanied by sitcoms, game shows, Westerns (and other celebrations of violence), insipid variety programs, interminable baseball games - images which summed up the prevailing mentality better than anyone at the time would have cared to admit; there's fatherly Ike in the White House with his sidekick dark-bearded Dick (plotting horrors to come); here's Joe McCarthy chewing up the landscape with improbable but eagerly received accusations.

Curiously enough the Bomb and its dreadful implications filled us not with apprehension but with a warped sort of confidence. While racial and environmental problems soaked away on some remote back burner, this country's idea of coming to grips with reality was seemingly to assume that all we had to do was oppose and prevail over that tugeboo Communism, and all would be well. An oversimplification, perhaps, but nevertheless the decade of the '50's will always be remembered as one of complacency, materialism and escapism.

Not without rumblings of discontent, however. One could mention, for example, the outlaw bikers, whose somewhat reactionary mode of rebellion suggested that the American Dream was not everybody's cup of Schlitz. Or one could cite protest-oriented folk music and the burgeoning Civil-Rights movement. Or one could discuss rock-and-roll, which had something vaguely to do with youthful rebellion and a lot to do with youthful exuberance and vitality, and which incidentally concretized the idea of a youth culture by legitimizing the young's feelings and frustrations in a society where young people were not taken very seriously.

But I think the most important manifestation of discontent in this country was the Beat Generation. The beatniks represented a bohemian and intellectual reaction to the stifling vacuity of American life in the post-war era. They espoused no causes since all the causes of the past had apparently been discredited. The extent of their activism was the expression of their inquistude in literature: the writings of Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, William S. Burroughs, John Clellon Holmes, Carl Solomon and others; visions of alienation, frustration, decay and despair; the expression of a desire to escape a trap by carving some sort of relatively painless alternative out of society. In Britain at the same time there was an analogous movement, the Angry Young Men (John Osborne, et al.). The major difference between the Beats and their counterparts in England was that while the beatniks were content to be excluded from the mainstream of society, the Angry Young Men still cared enough about society to look for a place for themselves within its structure. No conclusions will be drawn here about the worthiness of these movements; I wish instead to examine what occurred in their wake.

After 1960 a transitional stage developed, as the Civil-Rights movement gained momentum and student activism began attracting attention. I note in passing that during this period rock-and-roll practically died; Elvis was in the Army, Chuck Berry in jail, Little Richard had quit to become a preacher, Jerry Lee Lewis had been hounded out of the business, Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran and Richie Valens were dead, Gene Vincent was out of commission due to an automobile accident, and the music of the young was turned over to "teen idols" like Fabian and Frankie Avalon, who sang an adolescent version of the dreamy middle-of-the-road pop noise that much of Adult America listened to. Popular culture was exemplified by dance crazes, commencing with the Twist and moving up to acceptable-for-adult-consumption varieties like the Bossa Nova. Folk music, often politically oriented, was the most relevant music for the young, not rock.

But this transitional stage was short-lived. In November of 1963 JFK was killed. Two months later the Beatles had their first hit record in the U.S., and the 1960's really got under way - Vietnam, hippies, drugs, protests, riots, assassinations, Woodstock, Altamont - the whole litany which can be adequately summoned to mind with just one phrase - "the Sixties". The vital focus of the decade's tumult, and most shocking to the minions of the status quo, was the rejection of "traditional values" (i.e., those most favorable to the establishment) by middle-class youth. The spark which gave impetus to this rejection was derived from the minority subcultures of the '50's - the Beats and the Angry Young Men. These cultures were transformed into the more activist subculture(s) of the following decade in the transitional years between 1960 and 1964, through the writings and presence of people like Kerouac, Ginsberg, Burroughs and Neil Cassidy - an ineluctable process going through its inevitable stages.

I don't intend to say much about the subculture of the '60's except to clear up some misconceptions in the minds of those who feel a Pavlovian compulsion to dismiss the hippie movement because of some Dick Tracy caricature they carry around in their heads. Please keep in mind that the people you see today with long hair and Grateful Dead t-shirts are not hippies. They are not rebelling against anything; they are simply conforming to a style which has become just another cozy component of the status quo. The hippie subculture of the '60's made a number of mistakes but, at least until the sensation-lusting media made it into a sideshow in the latter years of the decade, it was the expression of a genuine disgust for the destructive, exploitive, greed-oriented aspects of society, and a belief that the system could be altered if people committed themselves to an alternate lifestyle. (I will have more to say about the above-mentioned mistakes later.)

By the early '70's, of course, the subculture was all but in ruins. Hopes had been shattered, and many were all too willing to respond to the pressure to give up "impractical" ideals and settle for job security and a comfortable place in society. Thus began another transitional phase. In the Aquarian Age utopia envisioned by the more naive elements did not arrive as hoped, a retreat into the past began to look more desirable. The nostalgia fad which resulted was as much a decadent winding-down of the preceding youth culture as were the dance crazes of the early '60's. As before, the transitional phase was brief. Watergate and the energy crunch of the winter of '73-'74 both contributed to a general nervousness which the dead-end infatuation with nostalgia could not assuage. Something was called for which offered the divorced-from-reality qualities of nostalgia but which was more finely tuned to the self-absorption of the moment. Hence the appearance of the dominant subculture of the '70's - the Disco Culture.

From a musical standpoint there was nothing all that wrong with Disco, although since it was blatantly money-oriented, it quickly became formulaic and monotonous - a self-parody of rhythm-and-blues with the clichés freeze-dried and the soul bleached out. From a sociological viewpoint, however, the Disco Culture was infinitely depressing. It not only reflected but wallowed in - and to a great degree promoted - the most poisonous attitudes of the day - narcissism, complacency, hedonism, elitism, materialism. It was in complete opposition to the activist, cause-oriented culture which had preceded it. Disco is not exactly dead, especially since the attitudes associated with it are still prevalent. But as it no longer threatens us with world domination, it appears that a new transitional stage is upon us.

The pop-cultural phenomena of the moment would seem to be the Urban Cowboys and the Neo-Preppies. The Cowboy trend in fashion, music and political attitudes is not surprising since, like the dance crazes and watered-down teen music of the early '60's, it represents the last belch of the prevailing mentality of the preceding decade. It is simply Disco part II - the clothing and music are different but the mind-set is identical, being just as much a stereotypical macho fantasy and repre-

resenting a similar refusal to live in the present and confront reality. As for the Prepolones - this would appear to be the acceptable fantasy for those who find the Urban Cowboy trance to be a tad too vulgar. But both of these trends should prove to be short-lived when the true sociological thrust of the 1980's finally shows itself.

What I have been leading up to with this untidy recitation of events past is this: as the dominant subculture of the activist '60's had its roots in the minority subculture of the escapist '50's; and the dominant subculture of the escapist '70's had its beginnings in the more narcissistic and naive elements of the '60's; so will the dominant subculture of the '80's (as we enter once more into an activist phase) have its roots in the minority subculture of the '70's. Namely, New Wave Punk.

Punk has a great deal in common with the Howl and Angry movements (including a dichotomy between nihilistic Americans and their more political British counterparts) and will pass on its legacy in much the same way. But instead of literature being the medium which expresses the key ideas, it will be rock-and-roll: the music of the Clash, the Sex Pistols, Fil., Gang of Four, Patti Smith, Joy Division, Killing Joke, Siouxsie and the Banshees, the Jam, the Pop Group, XTC, the Dead Kennedys - to mention only some of the musicians whose approach is likely to provoke a thoughtful response. (At least in those listeners who are capable of thought in the first place.) Not only is rock music more likely to be attended to by young people than the written word, but it hits harder, is more accessible and less insular. Consequently when the ideas dealt with in this music take hold, the movement which results is likely to be all that much larger.

And music does change people. The activism of the young in the '60's was only in a small way inspired by demonstrations, placard-carrying or underground publications. It was the music of the Beatles, Dylan, the Stones, the Who, Phil Spector, Hendrix, the Doors, the Jyrds, the Police groups and others which was most responsible for producing large amounts of the young with alternative viewpoints.

Obviously the majority of recording "artists" who get the lion's share of airplay and sales today are not concerned with change or alternatives. All the Foreigners and Van Halens and Pat Benetons and Billy Joels and the rest of the purveyors of mainstream capitalist pop music merely cater to their audience's preconceptions. Their music is sedamently repressive and is aimed at a naturally reactionary constituency. But the more serious bands are getting across, and attracting new listeners all the time. Some of these listeners, of course, will not respond in any meaningful way, but many of them will. And keep in mind that it does not take particularly large groups of people to constitute a significant movement. Even during the peak years of the '60's only a small minority of the population were actually involved in challenging the system. Yet this small vocal segment came to signify the forward momentum of the entire decade.

I suppose I should acknowledge at this point what many readers must be thinking. Wasn't the "revolution" of the '60's a failure? Yes, to the extent that the new attitudes were not widespread enough or held with sufficient conviction to actually institute any lasting change. In fact, if anything, things are far worse now than before. But is a previous failure any reason not to try again? Is it worth it to you to die in a nuclear war or a food riot, or of poisoned air or a sniper's bullet, just so you can sit back and maintain a pose of smug complacency?

What the efforts of the '60's did accomplish was to show that the young can be gotten to. They can be made to question the existing order and encouraged to look for other ways of doing things. That's merely the first step, and there's no reason why we can't take it a step or two further over the next decade.

Besides which, it's almost certain to happen anyway, no matter who tries to stop it. There are built-in sociological forces at work which people are barely aware of. The self-obsession and mean-spiritedness of the '70's did not make anything better or anyone happier. Just the fact that we have recently passed from one decade to another is enough to

throw a silent switch in many peoples' minds, and whether they realize it consciously or not, they are going to be seeking new directions. And whatever direction they settle on, it is likely to be as different from that of the '70's as the direction of the '70's was from that of the '60's.

3

I wouldn't expect to see much happen for the next few years. These things take time. But in the meantime, I'd say we were in approximately the same situation as in the early '60's. We've got a bohemian subculture similar to the Beat Generation, and in certain New Wave bands, and in rapese, we've got a political music which corresponds to the protest music of the early '60's. Currently this subculture is unfocused and largely composed of people who are all too willing to let themselves be ripped-off. The present "scene", in Philadelphia at least, is far too concerned with fashion and the trends of the moment. It's nice to see the wide variety of sartorial approaches on view at the East Side Club and elsewhere; one only hopes that what is in peoples' minds is as varied and imaginative. But the bigger this thing gets, the more the fashion and of it will come to resemble fashion in the straight world, where over-rich parasitic "designers" get richer by exploiting credulous fools who think they must attend to the latest "creations".

Have you ever noticed the parallels between fashion and fascism? Both of them exploit people's insecurity and gullibility as well as their innate desire to feel superior to others, whether those others are black or Jewish or whatever, or whether they simply wear the "wrong" clothes or listen to the "wrong" music. Need I point out that involvement in something just because it's fashionable doesn't show much individuality or intelligence? What we have developing here is the option for alternative lifestyles, and one chooses alternatives either out of conviction, because it's the right or more sensible choice (which is a political decision), or because it's the "cool" thing to do (which is a fashion-oriented decision). Sooner or later everyone who is involved in this is going to have to decide whether they are going to act out of conviction, or out of a need to be seen as "cool" in other peoples' eyes. We all know that fashion is transitory. It does flip-flop when your back is turned. If we opt for the fashionable approach, then this "scene" is not going to last very long; a few years from now it will be dead, the trendoids will have scrambled onto the next handwagon, and anyone who admits to liking the Psychedelic Furs will be laughed at. But convictions, if they are genuine, are more permanent. If we act out of a political awareness of the implications of what is happening, then the "scene" will not only last, but it will actually mean something. It will in fact cease to be just a "scene" - it will become a true movement, with all that the word implies. Not just a frozen tableau with people in repose wearing trendy clothes (which is what the word "scene" suggests), but people thinking, acting, working toward some goal.

As far as the music is concerned, things look to be dragging a bit recently. In particular, the kind of weedy pop that has been coming out of Britain lately isn't worth much support. It really looks as if things have gone full circle over there. Does anyone actually believe that groups like Soft Cell or Classix Nouveaux are any more relevant than Yes or M.O.? Compared to the impassioned, conviction-testing music of the Pistols, the Clash, Gang of Four and others like them, the output of groups like Spandau Ballet shrinks to a pinpoint of insignificance. And just why are American groups being overlooked? For the first time in years the most interesting work is being done stateside, but you wouldn't know that from what's played in the clubs or on the radio. This is not meant to be taken for any jingoistic chest-thumping; on the contrary, the virulent strain of capitalism which obtains in this country will ensure that most of the best U.S. bands will never reach the wider audience they deserve. But there's no reason why anyone should show any excitement over stuff like Duran Duran when there are

over

bands like the Bush Tetras, Pylon, X, Romeo Void, Material, Wall of Voodoo, MX-80 Sound, the Urban Verbs and the Babylon Dance Band right here in our own country (not to mention some fine local bands).

I also have difficulty understanding the hipper-than-thou types who think that they can't like groups like the Clash or the B-52's now that these bands have become well-known. These people can only like the bands which they have been given permission to like by the local fashion-mongers. And I suppose it must seem a lot easier to let some overweening ego on the radio tell you what you can and can't like than it is to think for yourself. But it's your brain, and if you let yourself be led around by the nose by the alleged trend-setters, then you might as well find a pasture and start chewing grass with the rest of the sheep.

4

At this point I think it's appropriate to start dealing with some of the mistakes that I mentioned earlier; those which were committed by the previous generation and should be avoided by this one.

I'm fully aware of the possibility that many of the people reading this, particularly those under 25, may not have the slightest idea what I'm talking about in this section. My impression is that many New Wavers are not so much wrestling with politics as with the question of whether or not they even want to think about it in the first place. But if the following does not make sense to you now, then just shove this in with your old NME's and NY Rockers and pull it out again three or four years from now. All will become clear.

Mistake #1. "I'm going to join the system and work for change from within." What a joke that one turned out to be! It made as much sense as the idea of an American G.I. joining the Nazis during WW II "to work for change from within". The system is the enemy and has built-in ways of making sure that anyone who joins it ends up working for it. This is the most important reason the movements of the '60's fell apart. Just get yourself comfortably ensconced within the system and start living the life of the fat cat you presumably oppose, and soon the notion will begin to sound in the back of your mind: "Hey, I'm comfortable! Why should I rock the boat?" Thus do the most lofty ideals, the most ironclad convictions crumble into dust. Beware!

Mistake #2. Paying too much attention to "leaders", particularly the ones the media set up for you. During the '60's our "leaders" were supposedly people like Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Timothy Leary and Eldridge Cleaver. With people like that at the helm it's no wonder the ship sank. Although we may be coming dangerously close to having "leaders" on the local scene, so far no such thing has arisen on the national or international level, and we should hope it stays that way. Be your own leader; set your own standards.

Mistake #3. Violence. I suppose I'm jumping the gun on this issue (no pun intended) but we'll probably have to deal with this eventually. I'm talking about violence against the state, authority figures, etc. It may be a natural impulse considering what they do to you, but it's futile. The mattering of so-called "revolutionary" violence in the '60's and '70's served only to turn people who would normally have supported the movement against it. But the overriding reason for avoiding it is that by indulging in violent behavior, you're playing their game, and you'll never be able to do it as well as they do. They would love to have an excuse to smash your face in, so don't give them one.

Mistake #4. Making unnecessary enemies. We have real enemies to deal with but I trust I needn't tell you who they are. But I would caution against finding enemies where none exist. The enemy is not white, black, male, female, old, young, gay, straight, American, Russian, etc. All the various "-ism's" which arise from such assumptions only divide people and turn them against each other, while our real enemies exploit us all. And if there's one division I'd really like to see erased it's this left-vs.-right nonsense. Terms like "leftist", "rightist", "liberal", "conservative", are totally outmoded. If you

think of yourself in this manner it's like painting your mind into a corner; you end up reading The National Review or The New Republic just to find out what to think. No significant political movement will ever emerge until people realize that the issues are too complex to be viewed from a knee-jerk liberal or conservative party line. All of the so-called convictions of both the left and the right are based on resentments and old wounds that go back 60 years or more. We weren't even around then, so we'd be better off ignoring them.

And while I'm on the subject of mistakes, I could toss in a mention here about the inappropriate syncretism of traditions. One of the dumbest things about the '60's was the spectacle of middle-class young people becoming involved in Transcendental Meditation and other Eastern philosophies, which eventually led to involvement with occultism. This sort of thing could happen again. Reggae is admirable from a musical and political standpoint, but the religion behind it has no place here. If middle-class American white kids start adopting Rastafarianism, I'll be ready to give up.

And how about drugs? I don't suppose there's all that much point in discussing them. The fact that they are dangerous certainly doesn't stop anyone from taking them, anymore than it stops use of alcohol or tobacco. I guess users figure that fatal O.D.'s are something that only happens to other people, or perhaps it's just a ritualized form of suicide. Perhaps a self-destructive attitude is endemic to the current "scene". We've lost a number of musicians to drugs and suicide already and we're sure to lose more. Maybe we'll lose you, too.

5

If the 1980's are going to be different from the 1970's in any meaningful way, then whatever culture predominates will have to take a stand against all of the attitudes that the culture of the '70's gloried in. It will have to be anti-narcissistic, anti-complacent, anti-hedonistic, anti-materialistic, anti-elitist. Can you accept that? If not you will probably not last out the movement. Ten years from now you will probably be just like the old hippies - just another supporter of the status quo, another cog in the big machine. If you want to avoid that fate, you should be giving consideration to these matters now.

The revolution of the '60's was largely cultural, but even a successful cultural revolution is insufficient. We need an ethical revolution, and an intellectual one, as well. We must appreciate the difference between right and wrong, and discerning the difference takes some thought. Law books and centuries-old religious documents are not the place to look for ethical principles appropriate to here and now. You will have to look to your own experience. As for those of you who don't like the sound of that phrase "intellectual revolution", who find anti-intellectualism to be a fashionable pose; too bad. Anti-intellectualism is probably the most desperate kind of fascism, the refuge of people who are so unused to thinking that the very idea of thought fills them with something like supernatural dread. If you rebel at the concept of using your brain for its intended purpose, then you might as well lie down. Because you're dead.

There's little more to say at this point except to repeat that we will have to wait several years before anything really happens. But in a few years a new phase will be upon us and the current landscape will be much different, perhaps unrecognizably so. The trendy clothes will disappear into the least accessible parts of your closet and the jive bands will break up or be absorbed into the top 40 where no-one will take them seriously. But the ideas which are being kicked around now should eventually take root. As for what we do in the meantime, I suggest we give some consideration to what we support with our time and money. Not everything which clamors for your attention is worth supporting. There's no reason to contribute to a corrupt economic system just because everyone else does. There's no excuse for supporting trash and madness. Above all, have some respect for your own mind. The more garbage you take into your brain, the less good you're going to be for anything. And you just may be needed. You may be the one who makes all the difference.

(the end)

REFUGIUMS

By Eves Drop +
Chastity B.

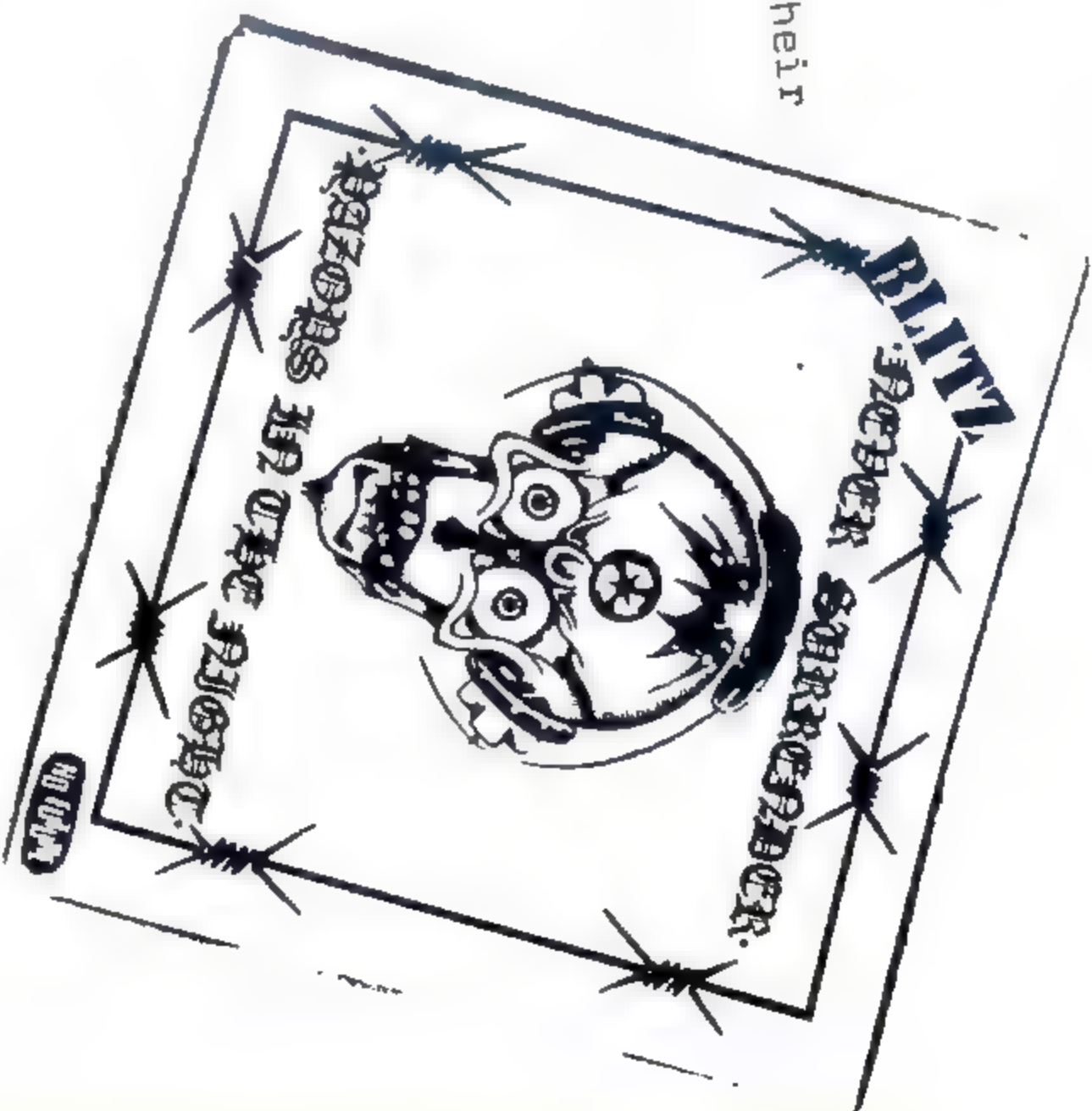
BLITZ**NEVER SURRENDER

B/W RAZORS IN THE NIGHT

If you liked the first Blitz single, you'll
feast on this record.. They've tightened up
their sound and for some reason they sound a
little fresher on this disc. Plus they have
a better sleeve design this time, instead of their
ugly ass faces. (Just kidding guys)
Extra points for being on MC FUTURE records.

CHRON GEN**JET SLV JET GIRL
SECRET RECORDS & SUBWAY SMDIST**

I may have loved these guys on their
tape, but when I found out they're
leased Jet Boy Jet Girl I would have
disgustingly over produced. This single is
enough to buy the album when it comes out.
DCN'T BUY THIS!
+Eves



FINGERPRINTZ**BEAT NOIR** stiff records

I really really like this record--fuck
disco, fuck funk. This shit is danceable as
hell. Side two is unbeatable--"Catwalk" is
probably my fave right now although I was in
love with "Get Civilised" and "Touch Jeane"
last week. I could try and describe the music
for you but it's so unique I'd get a headache
trying. These guys have really got something
going and I hope they keep it up--one of the
few "civilised" records I can listen to.
Music to soothe the savage breast. +Chastity

CHRON GEN**LIVE AT THE LEICESTER CHAOS TAPE

I fell in love with these guys
the first time I heard them (Puppets of
War EP) then again I was overwhelmed with the
second single. They have great music, raw and
sharp, with words that have a definite bite.
This tape proved to me that I'm still in love
with this group, but that it's kind of changing
due to some of the very weak tracks on here.
("LSD", "Living Next Door to Alice", "Rockabilly")
These songs are really missing the normal
charge that Chron Gen put into most of their
material. Otherwise, the sound quality of the tape
is excellent, and the stand outs are obvious.
(Everything, except for the ones I singled)
BUY IT
+Eves

HAD BRAINS**NOIR CASSETTE

This tape is fucking killer, hardcore driving
overpowering energy. I put the sucker on while
I try to wake up and BAMMM, I'm up! If I
had to list the standouts on the tape I
couldn't, because everything is A//1 with a
few exceptions--all the reggae is a little
lackluster compared to the stuff I saw them
play at the Ritual. And the biggest dis-

over please →

BAD BRAINS CONTINUED

appointment was "Pay to Cum", it sounds pretty rushed (no puns intended) and sloppy . Overall the cassette just knocked me on my ass. Bad Brains rip, they're tight, energetic, and best of all they've got a message. Looks like they'll be around for a while. Sacrifice your first born male for this tape. +Eves



BAD BRAINS (ROIR CASSETTE A106)
L TO R: DARRYL, DR. KNOW, EARL, H.R.

FLESHTONES**BLAST OFF** ROIR CASSETTE

I first heard the Fleshtones on Marty Thau's "2x5" compilation, and I thought they were a real standout. I saw them, then, at a new year's eve gig in New York where I was a little disappointed by their performance, but still went out afterwards to buy their "Up Front" 12". That I found was not quite as good as the tracks on "2x5". This tape may be my answer. Recorded in 1978 for Red Star Records but never released, this is the band I heard but couldn't find. The Fleshtones play a kind of sixties/eighties kind of psychotic dance music--fun music. It's the kind of stuff that should belst out of car windows in the summer.

Can you hear the American sound?
Have you heard the American sound?
Don't wanna hear you put it

down...

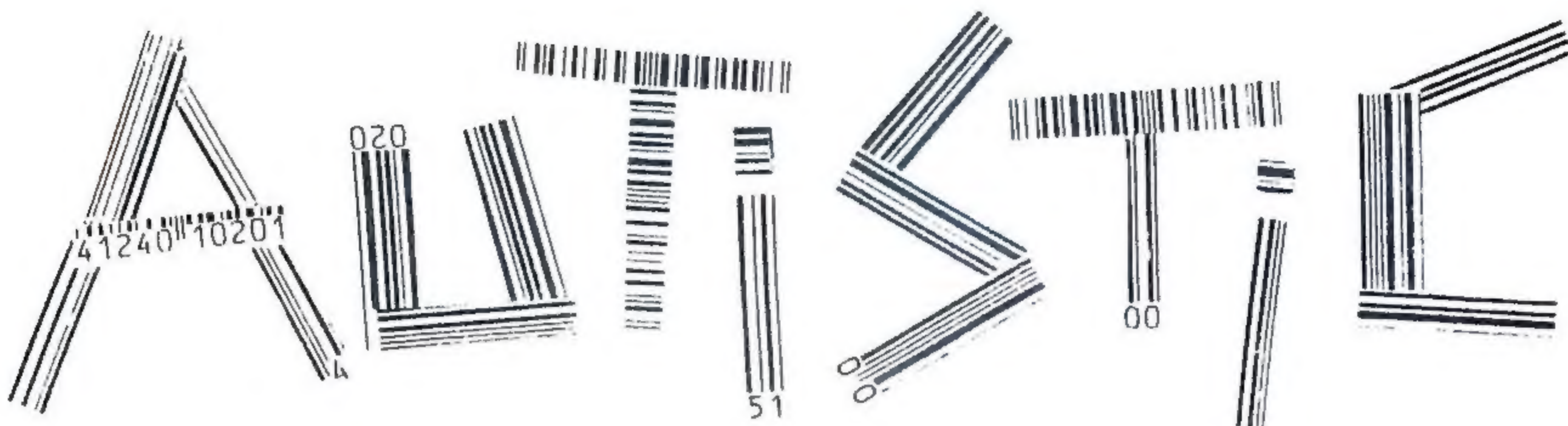
Yeah, AM radio material. The Fleshtones are fun, and I recommend them to anyone heading for the ^{shortly}Chastity summer.

DIRT**REJECT REFUSE REJECT REFUSE**
Grass Records
This one is really great--nice and different. Male and female vocal, lyrics like an important couple of messages a lot like with an sleeve. The girl that's a compliment killer have used to end that feedback vein, Honey have used the wall of noise, feedback +Eves & Chastity music in the wall
FUCKING ELY IT!!!



VELLO**BOSTON** stiff records

Vello are from Switzerland. I didn't think they had music in Switzerland. Vello is a dance band, a little too electric disco for me, but good stuff to shake your booty to, I guess. Give 'em a listen and you be the judge. +Chastity

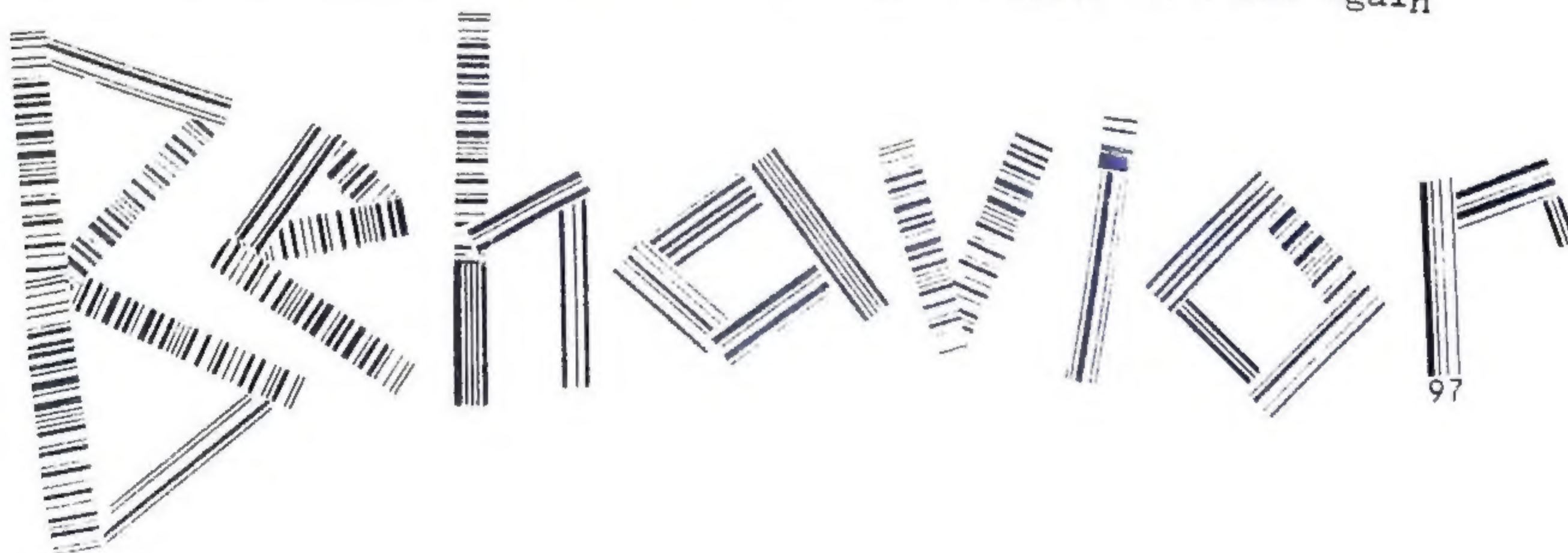


" TRAPPED IN A FAD "

I created a style
 The style that everyone wears and everyone shares
 It's time for a change
 Because everyone looks like everyone else
 except the names are changed
 I'm one of a kind
 I'm one of a kind with an infinite number of replicas
 My cause is a lost one
 'cause everyone takes it to mean
 what they want it to mean

TRAPPED IN A FAD
 AND YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT
 TRAPPED IN A FAD
 AND YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT

I'LL make a new style
 But as history repeats we'll all get trapped in a fad again



FEB 3, 1982...

ORGANIZE? DEMONSTRATE? PARTICIPATE?
(written statement, steal back your freedom)

TODAY is Feb 3rd. I went to school came home and started typing this piece of shit. After reading 2 good zines "SCUM" and "PIGS FOR SLAUGHTER", i have come to the conclusion that there are too many fakes who pretend to be anarchists.

I am an anarchist and i don't need anyone to tell me that, i have no label i am not a "punk" or anything of the sort i am ME. looking stupid is not my way of "smashing the state"

By now M*A*S*H is on funny show? it's not a funny t.v. show, it deals with the realities of war,.

And now i got the 1/2 hour of M*A*S*H out of the way (IT'S A BULLSHIT SHOW) We should face the facts-

DEATH

FEAR. makes the world go around.

BY mat the ratt palmyra n.j.

THAT UNTIL THERE ARE NO LONGER

1st. CLASS AND 2nd. CLASS CITIZEN OF ANY NATION

UNTIL THE COLOUR OF A MAN SKIN IS OF NO MORE SIGNIFICANCE

THAN THE COLOUR OF HIS EYES.* -written by A. COLE/C. BARRETT

-PERFORMED BY BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

P.S. I would suggest to who ever reads this to listen to the records "STATIONS OF THE CRASS" by CRASS (don't only refer to this as your only means of subversion- read up on some facts!!)


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